

# COLLEGE CHEER.

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. X.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1917.

No. 3.

## ST. JOE DISPLAYS CLASS IN FIRST GAME OF SEASON.

St. Joe Drops Hard Fought Battle with Corby Hall of Notre Dame on Sunday, October 14th, by the Score of 6 - 0. Wellman Stars for the Saints. Smashing Line Plunge by Murphy Wins for the University.

In the first game of the season St. Joe went down in defeat at the hands of Corby Hall of Notre Dame. The lads from the University trooped upon the gridiron, confident that their weight would give them an overwhelming victory over the college aggregation. In the first few minutes of play it looked like they had the right dope, for Corby scored a touchdown within five minutes after the first whistle. They failed to kick goal however, and St. Joe being shamed at being put under the cross bar in such short order, settled down and a real football game began. Corby never crossed the fifty yard line after that one lucky touchdown. The purple and red began its march into the enemies' ground, carrying the ball to Corby's eight yard line only to lose it on a fumble. Three costly fumbles gave St. Joe the short end of the score. Wellman was easily the star of the game. Big "Freddie" tore through again and again for gains, despite all Corby's efforts to "pile 'em up." VonderHaar and Lause carried the ball for good gains, while Tremel and Captain Hunt played their old "mixing" game on the ends. O'Brien and Bomholt also deserve great credit for their work. McCaffrey, Murphy and Babcock were the bright lights for Corby. The fans are agreed that St. Joe easily outclassed their opponents and but for the three fumbles, the final score would tell a different story.

### As the Pigskin Moved.

St. Joe kicked off. McCaffrey took the kick, carrying the ball to the fortyfive yard line. Sheehan failed to gain through center. Babcock made four yards through left tackle. On the next play he made ten through center. McCaffrey went around right end for twenty yards more. A series of line plunges brought the ball to St. Joe's four yard line. Murphy went through center for a touchdown. Grabner failed to kick goal. — Corby kicked off to Dolohery who carried the ball back to the forty-five yard line. Wellman made five yards through tackle. VonderHaar got five around left end. Lause then got four through right tackle. Wellman got five more on a fluke. Tremel made four on an end run. Corby got the ball on a fumble, but failed to make her yards. St. Joe took the ball on Corby's thirty-five yard line and began the same old march toward a touch-

(Continued on Page two, Col. 1.)

Uncle Sam Honors S. J. C.  
Uncle Sam Calls Member of Class of '18. Emil Goettemoeller Leaves St. Joe Last Monday and Is Escorted by the Entire Student Body.

Monday noon, Emil Goettemoeller, a member of the Third Commercial Class received his little blue card notifying him that he should prepare himself for army service at once. Immediately the Senior class took upon themselves the duty of arranging a suitable farewell for the first young man who was to leave the portals of St. Joe to defend Old Glory. When Emil was ready to leave, imagine his surprise to find the entire student body in parade formation on the campus ready to escort him to Rensselaer. The parade was headed by an American flag followed by the band. Immediately following the band were the Seniors carrying a large American flag. Emil Goettemoeller marched behind the Seniors, carrying a small flag. He was followed by the Third Commercials carrying another large flag. The student body then followed. Upon reaching Rensselaer, the parade circled the square and then the band mounted the court house steps. The two large flags being placed on both sides formed a guard of honor. Having mounted the court house steps "Gooty" addressed those gathered there, and thanked the students for the honor they had bestowed upon him by escorting him. His speech was followed by cheer after cheer and after the applause had subsided Mathias Lause spoke a few words preparatory to presenting him with a purse, a token of the esteem and affection of the student body for him. After having bade him a hearty farewell and with a selection by the band, the parade sadly, but proudly, wended its way back. St. Joe will always be glad to give her sons to the aid of the flag and its cause.

### To Emil Goettemoeller.

You boy, you look so big and strong it seems  
There isn't anything you couldn't do!  
You seem just like the hero in our dreams,  
A-standin' there so straight and brave and true.  
That yellow suit, those russet shoes, that gun,  
That haughty look—sure thing—it's victory—  
We love them, boy, we love them every one,  
We do—because—you'll fight for us, you see.  
Your name, we'll ne'er forget, our country's choice,  
And deep shall sink your name into our heart.  
But go! 'tis better so! And we'll rejoice  
That one of us will take a hero's part!  
Go boy! Go fight—or die—across the sea!  
And take with you the God of victory.

H. S. '18.

down. With the ball on Corby's twenty yard line the timekeeper announced the end of the first quarter.

Score: — Corby 6 — St. Joe 0.

**Second Quarter.**

In the beginning of the second quarter the University men rallied a little, but a smashing gain of ten yards by VonderHaar took the pep out of them again and it looked like a touchdown for the purple and red. With the pigskin on her ten yard line, Corby got the ball on a fumble, but was forced to punt. O'Brien carried the skin back to the forty yard line. "Freddie" made two yards through center, Hunt was called around left end, but was caught, losing several yards. A pass was tried, but both ends were covered and it failed. St. Joe was forced to punt. Babcock took the kick and carried it to the twenty-five yard line where he met Wellman and Lause and stopped. Corby tried a line plunge and gained one yard; and an end run brought her one more. A pass was attempted with no better result and Corby was forced to punt. O'Brien took the kick, carrying the ball back thirty yards only to lose it on a fumble. Corby got only three yards in three chances and was forced to punt. Schaffer got the ball and was stopped on the thirty-five yard line. St. Joe started that steady "smashing" march again and Corby soon found the ball on her twenty-five yard line. With but forty seconds of the first half left, St. Joe tried to rush a touchdown with a forward pass. Tremel and Lause both got through into Corby's ten yard zone, but Wellman's pass fell short. Half was called.

Score: — Corby 6 — St. Joe 0.

**Third Quarter.**

Corby kicked off to St. Joe's twenty yard line. Dolohery got the ball and carried it out to the twenty yard line. Bomholt went through tackle for five yards. On the next play Miller snapped the ball over the heads of the backs. Lause recovered the ball, but St. Joe could not regain the twenty yards lost, and was forced to punt. Corby fumbled the kick until Hunt claimed it for St. Joe. With the ball on Corby's twenty yard line, the purple and red again lost the ball on a fumble. Corby tried a center buck, but met a wall and lost several yards; she tried an end run with the same result. A drive through tackle netted her one yard and she was forced to punt. VonderHaar took the kick carrying the oval back to Corby's forty yard line. Wellman went through right tackle for six yards. Lause got four more through the same hole. Hunt was sent around end for four yards and Tremel got three more on a fluke. O'Brien made three through center. On the first down on Corby's ten yard line, St. Joe lost the ball on a fumble. At this period St. Joe substituted Antl for Dunn at left guard. Corby tried an end run and losing several yards punted. Antl took the kick and was nabbed on Corby's forty yard line. Dolohery got one yard through tackle. Wellman failed to gain through center and Lause was caught going around end and lost two yards. Hunt was caught on a fluke and St. Joe lost the ball on downs.

Score: — Corby 6 — St. Joe 0.

**Fourth Quarter.**

The last period started with the ball in Corby's possession on her forty yard line. She made only four yards in three downs and punted. O'Brien carried the ball to the middle of the field where he was downed. St. Joe lost ten yards trying to go around end and, after a vain effort to regain the lost ground, punted. Babcock caught the ball on the twenty-five yard line and carried it back to the forty-five. Corby tried a forward pass, but Wellman intercepted it and reeled off twenty-five before he was stopped. St. Joe began bucking the line again and carried the skin to her opponent's eight yard line, where she lost the ball on downs. Corby punted out to her forty yard line, only to have the ball carried back to her ten yard line. Again St. Joe lost the ball on downs and again Corby punted. Wellman went through center for three yards and Lause got four through right tackle. VonderHaar carried the ball around left end and forgot to stop until Babcock downed him one yard from the goal line. With the ball on Corby's one yard line and four minutes to play, the fans went wild. Wellman was tried through center, but lost one yard. Bomholt hit left tackle for a small gain. O'Brien tried center and met a wall. On the fourth down with one yard to go, the Saints called a close formation with "Freddie" gripping the ball. When the oval was snapped both teams rose like a wall. The fans yelled and screamed, the teams surged and fell, the ball a bare half foot from the line. The final whistle blew.

Final Score: — Corby 6 — St Joe 0.

**Line Up**

ST. JOE		CORBY
Hunt	R. End	Connely
Dolohery	Tackle	Follet
Schaffer	Guard	Gibbs
Miller	Center	Parker
Dunn	Guard	Walsh
Bomholt	Tackle	Grabner
Tremel	L. End	White
O'Brien	Quarter B.	Murphy
Lause	L. Halfback	McCaffrey
VonderHaar	R. Halfback	Sheehan
Wellman	Full Back	Babcock
Substitutions: — St. Joe, Antl for Dunn, Dunn for Schaffer.		
Referee — Eigelsbach (Notre Dame).		
Umpire — Meyers (Colorado).		

**St. J. Jrs. 63 — Rensselaer Jrs. 0.**

We had often watched the Juniors on the grid-iron practicing their signals and going through all the maneuvers of a seasoned player with a smile, wondering whether they would ever be able to show their prowess before an interested crowd and with an outside team. In response to our wish, a team pulled into Collegeville from Rensselaer last Sunday, with the intention to play our team. Though outweighing our Juniors, it took the latter only thirty-seven seconds to make their first touchdown. It was a snap for them to make more after the first one. The Juniors of Rensselaer deserve credit for sticking it out to the final whistle.

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### Address

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,  
Collegeville, Indiana.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1917.



## EDITORIALS.

### The Knockers' Club.

In every institution, whether educational, commercial, social or political, there is always a certain class of individuals who comprise "The Knockers' Club", a sort of unofficial society whose members are perpetual fault-finders, and who have some grievance against a cruel world in which they see no good because of a sullen, gloomy disposition. Our College is included among the fortunate (?) institutions which are honored by the presence of a group of these gentlemen, although we are grateful that there are not many in our midst. What few there are, however, need some consideration, and to them this article is dedicated. Are the live wires of St. Joe, those upon whom the success of our various school activities depends, and through whom St. Joe has reached its present high level, members of this organization? Not on your life! "The Knockers' Club" acknowledges as its members those who merely exist in St. Joe, and who, unable to justify their existence in any other way, vent their jealousy against their more successful schoolmates by "knocking". It requires no particular intelligence or ability "to knock". The club allows others to work and then they reach for the hammer. Say, "Knockers", why don't you take part in the activities with which you are not satisfied and through your er-influential support improve them? The quicker this club disbands the better it will be for St. Joe. So, "Knockers", for the love of Mike, send in your resignations immediately.

## Education and Character.

The ultimate end of the college education in general is to develop the character of the student. Our studies, our clubs, and our social life at St. Joe are but factors in that all embracing goal, character. If we Seniors at the end of our College career are to put the value of our six years' training to a test, we should ask this question of ourselves, "Have we developed in character?" If we can honestly say that we have acquired broad-mindedness and pleasing personality, then our days at St. Joe have been invaluable to us. Character is too often wrongly measured by the extent of our knowledge in mathematics or Latin. Will the student who can master the intricacies of a Latin verb necessarily be a better citizen than he who lacks this accomplishment? We do not intend to infer that these studies are useless; the knowledge is not useful in itself, but in its effect upon us. Through the years of our College life let us remember that the absorption of text book knowledge is not our goal. Our studies are but a means to the end. Let us remember that character is the grand and supreme object of all our complex efforts and that it alone should be kept before us as the real goal towards which we are striving.

### Concerning the Discouraged One.

"I'm tired of it all."

The student was telling his friend the reason why. He had had several tasks to perform for the student body and after putting himself heart and soul into the accomplishing of these, had received only criticism as a reward.

"Why should I keep on working like I have been and not have my efforts appreciated?" he said.

In the first place the student should not have worked entirely for the praise that might come to him from the faculty and student body, but for the love of accomplishment and service and for the development, personally, which it would bring. On the other hand, has the student body been appreciative of the time and energy expended in its behalf and has it been as generous as it should, in dropping a cheering word of encouragement or appreciation now and then to the bearer of its burdens? Both parties are at fault. What shall our future policies be?

### One of Our Boosters.

The enterprising firm of HILLIARD & HAMILL (whose advertisement appears at the top of rear page) are offering a Special All-Wool, Pull Over the Head, V Neck Sweater in Maroon and Rich Purple, made only for St. Joseph's students, at \$6.00 each. The sweater is a genuine bargain at the price.

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## Sign Here.

Dr. Kaegi, G. X. P. D. Q. Etc. president of Hard Wood Flores College, eyed the tall young man dubiously.

"So you would like to enter Hard Woods College?" he said stroking his whiskers the wrong way in perplexity.

"I sure would, Doc." returned Cussy Miller readily. "I aint much on book learning so far, but I am a willing worker."

"The qualifications required of an entrant to Hard Woods College are very rigorous, very rigorous," said Dr. Kaegi solemnly. "Perhaps before allowing you to take your regular entrance examination, I had better ask you a few specimen questions. Can you tell me offhand the cube root of seven and three fourths pultified to the tenth power?"

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of half past nine wouldn't it be, Doc?" replied Cussy timidly.

"It would not," said Dr. Kaegi dryly. "Perhaps you can tell me the specific gravity of scrambelin gas?"

"Well it's alful specific gray, doc, but just how many I can't exactly say," admitted Cussy. He stood on one foot and then on the other as the president shook his head despairingly, and then said timidly, "Would it help any, doc., to know that I can run a hundred yards in four and five eights seconds, and make thirteen feet six inches in the running high jump?"

Dr Kaegi rose excitedly and clasped Cussy's rough but honest hand.

"Mr. Miller, you have shown me that you are on a sufficiently high intellectual plane to become an esteemed student at Hard Woods College. In fact, in your case, the usual preliminary examination may be dispensed with."

## Love's Allegory.

He:

You are gladness, you are sunshine,  
You are happiness, I know;  
You are all to me, my darling,  
That is lovely here below.

She:

You are splendor, you are glory,  
You are handsome, you are true;  
All there is this side of heaven,  
I behold, my dear, in you.

Pa:

I am lightning, I am thunder,  
I'm a roaring cataract;  
I am earthquakes and volcanos  
And I'll demonstrate the fact.

(?) (?) !!!!! †††† ‡‡ \*\*\*

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## SOCIETY NOTES.

### The Altar Society.

The Altar Society held a short meeting on October 20th. The regular business of the society was transacted without interruption and after the remarks by the Rev. Moderator, the society adjourned.

### N. L. S.

On Sunday evening, October 14th, the Newman Club gave a private program in the Alumni Hall. The best among the participants were: E. Goette-moeller, M. Yenn, and L. Pursley. The band was a real novelty.

On Sunday morning, October the 21st, the N. L. S. presented another program in which the following participated: A. Shaeffer, W. Regnier, L. Kleinhenz, C. Schmidt, and R. Cadle.

### The Columbian Literary Society.

On Sunday the 14th, the C. L. S. met. In a very spirited meeting many new measures were brought before the house for its approval. The most prominent of these was a banquet to celebrate the silver jubilee of the society, and the printing of the history of the Columbian Literary Society. An Executive Committee was also appointed consisting of C. Knue, S. Ley, and Carl Goeckeler.

On Sunday the 24th the C. L. S. presented a delightful private program the following taking part: J. Tremel, L. Hildebrand, F. VonderHaar, A. Kraus, F. Miller, P. McGinty, C. Luetkemeier, and W. Kennedy. The music was a very pleasant feature of the program especially the two solos, one a mandolin by G. Vettters, the other a violin solo by J. Oppenheim. Both were accompanied on the piano by S. Slossar.

## H. N. S.

At a private meeting of the officers of the Holy Name Society the following consultants were appointed: Hunt, Howard, Tremel, Oppenheim, Koch, Ruffing, Honningford, Niese, Bourell, and Moorman.

## AUTUMN.

'Tis grand to roam in the woodlands  
When Autumn herself is our guide.  
Her gems like pearls on the sea-sands  
Sparkle and twinkle on every side.

We sing in our buoyant joyfulness;  
We fling all care to the winds!  
On, out to the vale of happiness  
To sing and swing on the wild grape-vines.

Oh the sight of those bulging corn-shocks,  
With their ludicrous pumpkin guards,  
And the ears of gold with their silken elf-locks  
Is surely a halcyon sight for bards!

We dream of the joys of other days  
When barefoot, light-hearted and free  
We trooped through the leaf-strewn, silvan ways  
To seek the hickory, walnut tree!

In her carnival dress of silk and gold  
Our Gypsy, Autumn queen is fair!  
Oh come where Autumn's joys unfold  
And find true peace and beauty there.

Oh! ..... Aloysius?

Butcher — Come, Sambo, be lively now, break the bone in Mr. Schaffer's chops and put Mr. Wellman's ribs in the basket for him.  
Sambo, the Butcher Boy — All right, sah, just as soon as ah've done sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg.

## PALLAS

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## HOME MADE

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### St. Joe vs. DePaul University, Wednesday, Oct. 31.

The students will no doubt be treated to another good game of football next Wednesday. DePaul University of Chicago has been procured for the occasion and from the many reports received they will make things lively for a while; but with St. Joe going at the present gait there is hardly any doubt about the outcome. If the students along the side lines will only give the team the proper support we will have "bacon" for breakfast during Retreat.

#### Is That So!

I want to be a Senior, and with the  
Seniors stand;  
With a fountain-pen behind my ear  
and a notebook in my hand.  
I wouldn't be a President, I wouldn't  
be a King,  
I wouldn't be an Emperor for all the  
wealth you'd bring.  
I wouldn't be an angel, for angels  
have to sing.  
I'd rather be a Senior, and never do  
a thing.

#### Infirm.

Infirmarian -- Have you felt slippers?  
Flynn -- Not lately, Brother.

Kennedy -- Every time I take a drink it goes to  
my head.  
Coddington -- Sure! String Beans, it wants to go  
where it won't be crowded.

#### Back Up.

A junior had just pulled a "boner" in an algebra  
problem.  
Professor -- Why, don't you know you can't sub-  
tract unlike objects, such as pencils and chairs?  
Bill Manley -- N-N-No, b-b-but we ta-ta- take  
milk fr-from a cow d-d-d-don't we?

Dalton has a little mouth  
In working order quite,  
He works it all the time, except  
When called on to recite.

Katz! Katz! the beautiful katz,  
They surely catch mice and sparrows and ratz,  
But they sneak in the night  
And they sit on the fentz,  
And when they make love the noise is intenz.

#### Italian Street Song.

A certain young man named Toney,  
With his lunch cart hitched to a pony,  
Comes driving along singing his song,  
"Ice Cream Cones, Hot Dogs, Macaroni!"

### The Mirror.

It is a monument to human frailty that man has not as yet been emancipated from the thralldom of the Mirror. Few, if any, tyrants hold such undisputed sway over the civilized, modernized man as a piece of glass. We refer not to the cylindric, but to the quicksilvered one. There is a magnetic something about it that draws one irresistibly to its shrine.

Man has all but the elements under his mighty hand; vast machines toil incessantly at his beck; the bowels of the earth are open to his scrutiny; plants, animals, and even his fellow-man are swayed by the master-brain, yet its owner cringes humbly to the Mirror to arrange that which covers and warms it, namely his Hair! Oh the irony of such existence! The lord, the undisputed master of all that lives and breathes, worships daily, three and four times before this despicable fetish. A veritable heathen! he creates a god, and then humbly serves it!

Are we men? Is the fierce blood of our ancestors chilled in our veins? Did not our great-grandfathers fight to the last breath for freedom in the war of Independence? Shall this precious boon pass from our midst, while we supinely cling to our loved slavery? No! Let us unite, and as one man cry: "Away with him!" and thrust him from his throne, this haughty tyrant; throw away that vile secret of making Mirrors, that future generations be spared this galling serfdom! But then -- oh frailty of humans -- we should gaze into a glassy brook!

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Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll sing the jubelee!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that made us free.  
 So we sing the chorus from Xzylpogwofnifzixhm-  
 ifquoblifpof to the sea.  
 While we go marching through  
 Sklguribgnksgdhrktodhoffitsz.

## What For?

A young lady who lisped very badly was treated by a specialist, and after diligent practice and the expenditure of some money learned to say: "Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers." She repeated it to her friends at a private rehearsal, and was congratulated upon her masterly performance. "Yeth," she said dubiously, "but it ith thuth an ectheedingly difficult remark to work into a converthathon — ethpethially when you conthider that I have no thithter Thuthie.

## Nowadays.

Who steals my purse  
 Is not so mean  
 As he who steals  
 My gasoline.

## Simply Expressed.

George Conroy relates the following incident which he claims happened in the wilds of Tennessee. One day while he was wandering through a mountain forest he sought some provisions at an old hut.

"What d' yo' -all want?" called out the woman.

"Madam," said our hero, "can I get some corn bread here? I'd like to buy some of you."

"Corn bread? Corn bread, did yo' say?" Then she chuckled to herself, and her manner grew amiable. "Why, if corn bread's all you want come right in, for that's what I hain't got nothing else on hand but."

Who says Potkotter is no philologist? The other day when asked why he looked so serious, he solemnly informed the questioner that he was studying the comprehension, or whatever-you-call-it of "Devil" and explained it thus:

Devil  
 —evil  
 —vil (e)  
 —il (l)  
 —l (hell)

He has been advised to take more exercise.

He is a wise student who knows more than his professor.

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Look for it in our Windows on the next free day.

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## HILLIARD & HAMILL

### Personals.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Kirchoff of Indianapolis visited their son Edward, Sunday.

Mox Collier of Indianapolis, a former student of St. Joe, has enlisted in the Navy.

Buck McCaffrey, formerly of the class of '18, visited St. Joe with the Notre Dame aggregation.

The Cheer in the name of the student body extends to Joseph Inkrott Jr. their sincerest sympathy in the loss of his father. Mr. Joseph Inkrott died October 15, 1917, and was buried October 18, at New Cleveland, Ohio. Let us remember him in our prayers.

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Back once more to normal business and giving greater values than ever. We have enjoyed the largest sale ever held in this part of Indiana, sending hundreds of people home well satisfied. We can safely say that 100 percent of the people who attended our sale will be permanent customers.

**THE CLOTHING HOUSE OF WM. TRAUB.**